UNITY

FREEDOM. FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Not More, But Better Ideas

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

Chapter VI. *By* M. K. GANDHI

Patriotic Celebrations Fitting and Unfitting

By EDWIN D. MEAD

Asia and India

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

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has written his Autobiography entitled

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII MONDAY, MAY 17, 1926 NUMBER 12

The Grey Counselor*

They said, and I accepted it as truth,
That old men made our wars, that they, the old,
Exempt, and pusillanimously bold,
Counseled each war, and left each fight to youth.
Yet here is *our* grey counselor, forsooth,
Mobbed by the young because he will not hold
The warlike mob-opinion. He has told
Stiff savage generations: "Peace and Growth!"
"Apostle of the Obvious," indeed:
Yet none but he can so sublimely wear
These platitudes: Democracy and Peace.
Oh, good King David, what prince shall succeed
Your reign? Are we poor Absaloms, whose hair
The strong dark tree of war shall not release?

R. L. BURGESS.

*Respectfully inscribed to Dr. David Starr Jordan after reading "The Days of a Man."

Anything may happen in England, and perhaps will happen before this paragraph is printed and read. Yet in a head-on collision of this gigantic type, only two things can really happen in the end. On the one hand, labor may lose its nerve, as it did in 1920, or find it impossible to carry through a strike of such huge proportions, and thus suffer the greatest defeat in all its one hundred years of history. Such a collapse would be dramatic and disastrous, yet by no means fatal. It would not mean the disintegration of the labor world at all. It would simply mean, in all probability, the abandonment of the strike as the weapon of revolt and conquest, and the return to the political weapon as represented by the British Labor Party. Cooke and the radicals would disappear, MacDonald and the Right would reappear from their present obscurity, and attention again be focussed on Parliament and the constituencies. A revolution, inevitable in the long run, would simply be postponed. On the other hand, however, in this terrific crisis, the government may lose its nerve, or find it impossible to carry on the necessary business of life, in which case the abdication of Baldwin and perhaps of the King would be followed by the definite taking over of the affairs of state by the victorious hosts of labor. Such an outcome would mark the greatest revolution in English history since the fall of Charles I, and an event rivaled in our time only by the Bolshevik overturn in Russia. Which of these two extreme alternatives will transpire, we dare not prophecy. The general strike has its weakness, since it is a strike against the whole community which includes labor as well as capital. The government also is weak, since it cannot use an army to fight men with folded arms. It is from the start a test of nerve, which cannot last many weeks, or even days. The only thing that would surprise us would be the continuance of the struggle beyond the publication date of this editorial note.

The treaty just signed between Russia and Germany is a document of enormous significance. Just what it means, as between these two nations, is not entirely clear. But this is not the point! For the significance of the treaty lies not in what it involves for the signatories concerned, but in what it portends for Europe as a whole. This agreement, following hard upon the fiasco at Geneva over the Locarna pact, is simply the latest as it is by all odds the most impressive demonstration of the momentous fact that Europe is drifting steadily and swiftly back into the good old system of the "balance of power." Indeed, it is highly probable that the drifting is now over, and that the Geneva fiasco and the German-Russian treaty together reveal that Europe has arrived and is now definitely settling down into the old pre-war condition. The "balance of power" issue, of course, sat like a death's head at the Versailles feast. It was driven into the background, so many people thought, by the establishment of the League of Nations and the World Court. But it probably never grinned quite so terribly as in those days when the League and the Court were engaging the enthusiasm of sentimental pietists. Now it emerges again as the central fact in European diplomatic life. The alliances and ententes, steadily developing ever since the warriors laid down their arms in 1918, are now crystallizing into permanent shape, and we shall soon have a Europe as definitely arrayed for battle as the Europe which saw itself balanced in the old days between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. More and more it seems as though the League of Nations were destined to be a kind of initial battleground for the control of this "balance," with everything tumbling into ruin in one final break-up like that of 1914. John Bakeless's "The Origin of the Next War" is a pessimistic book, but so much has happened since its publication to darken the picture still more, that it seems an understatement.

The debt settlements are rushing along. The Italian agreement has been satisfied, as also the Belgian,

and now comes the French, all alike in their fine pretension that they are getting the people some return on their loans, and all alike in their practical cancellation of the debts on the basis of "capacity to pay," a euphonious phrase for "repudiation." These settlements are so flatly dishonest, such patent "shams" and thus such arrant betrayals of the American people, that one wonders what are the motives or influences behind the so-called statesmen who have negotiated them and the senators who have voted for them. These motives are certainly not hard to find by any person who is familiar with the international situation and the forces therein at work. They are centered, of course, in the bankers, and in the private interests of these bankers. Let it be remembered that these bankers loaned to the Allied governments during the War huge sums of money—something like $4,500,000,000, if we remember rightly. Now the bankers want to make these loans secure, and they want them *repaid*. Repaid in part?—28 cents on the dollar, for example? Not on your life! They propose to get these loans back *in full*—every red cent, principal and interest—and the one way to guarantee this happy consummation is to persuade the government to forego its claims. Let your Uncle Samuel pay the freight! But this is not all. These bankers have not only made huge private loans to the European nations in the past, but they want to continue making such loans in the future. There is only one sure way of keeping this profitable field of opportunity wide open, and that is to rid the governments of their debts to America. Witness the way in which the Italian Commission raced from Washington to Wall Street the moment their settlement was signed, and borrowed $100,000,000! Witness also the announcement that France would borrow $500,000,000 the moment her agreement was accepted! It's all perfectly simple. The bankers are working these bogus settlements. And that's why the newspapers are all for them, why President Coolidge and Andrew Mellon support them, why so many senators vote for them. What a damnable piece of business!

We do not read the *Congressional Record* very often. Every time we do so, we are surprised that we do not do so oftener, for, despite newspaper jokes and sarcasms to the contrary, we always find the *Record* interesting reading. Especially are the pages devoted to the Senate debates not seldom fascinating as well as informing. But what impresses us particularly is the vast discrepancy between what is actually printed as the exact record of the procedings, and the reports which come to us from day to day in the newspapers. By no American journal that we happen to know is any attempt made to publish an adequate transcription or interpretation of what actually is said in House and Senate—such reports, for example, as appear as a matter of course in the great English journals of the proceedings of Parliament. On the contrary, our correspondents in Washington do exactly what the ordinary reporter does when he "covers" a public address or a sermon—he waits for the "high spots," a sensational phrase or a careless epigram, and puts this over as a "story." The result is that we get an account of a sharp colloquy between two senators, or a bitter attack upon a public man, or perhaps a threatened fistcuffs, which the prepared speeches and the running debates, with their abundant information and not infrequently able arguments, go unmentioned. The recent debate on the Italian debt settlement, in which Senator Reed and Senator Borah figured so largely, makes brilliant reading in the *Congressional Record,* and yet has gone practically unreported in the public press. It is for this reason that opinion throughout the nation is so slowly educated and moved by official discussion in Washington. It takes weeks and months for the information to get through even to the intelligent and interested voter. We suppose that it is useless to urge people to read the *Congressional Record* —almost as useless as to expect a newspaper to give us an impartial and ample report each day of what our representatives and senators are saying. If the President's words all get printed, however, why not a few of the words of abler men?

A despatch to the New York *Times* from Berlin, Germany, caught our eye the other day. It was headed, "Bootleggers Flourish," and went on to report that "the city of Berlin is in the hands of an army of bootleggers against whom the authorities are practically helpless." Now this struck us as a peculiar story. Bootleggers go with Prohibition, don't they? But there is no Prohibition in Germany; that happy country has no 18th amendment, no Volstead Act, no Anti-Saloon League. You can get anything in Germany from beer and light wines to the heaviest and stiffest drinks. Yet here are bootleggers at work exactly as in the United States! What's the explanation? A further reading of the *Times* despatch showed that "though there is no law against the sale of liquor" in Berlin, "the city has levied a special tax which retailers in the suburbs escape." It is in order to avoid this tax that bootlegging has appeared, and now has become so extensive and well organized that "the city fathers are wondering whether the taxes will bring in sufficient to pay the cost of collection." Here is a beautiful illustration of what we have always contended—that bootlegging has nothing essentially to do with Prohibition. In all the attacks upon the present liquor status here in America, it is nonchalantly assumed by the "wets" that lawlessness began with the enactment of the Volstead Act, and that lawlessness will end with the repeal or modification of that Act. As a matter

of fact, liquor laws have never been obeyed. It makes no difference what laws you have upon the statute books—taxation laws, regulation laws, prohibition laws—they will all be defied and violated. There is lawlessness in New York City today—it is impossible to deny it. But we can remember a time when there was more lawlessness than there is today, and that was when there prevailed not the prohibition but the licensing of liquors. Lawlessness and liquor are one and the same thing. Bootlegging is as old as brewing and distilling. The sooner we realize that we are up against an essential condition of crime—that liquor by its very nature is an enemy of law and order—the sooner we will cry "unconditional surrender," and fight it out on the Prohibition line if it takes a generation.

The Pulitzer Prize awards seldom satisfy us. We are traditionally hard to please! But the awards this year, in those fields at least where we have any knowledge at all, seem to us to be eminently commendable. The award of the fiction prize, for example, to Mr. Sinclair Lewis for his novel, "Arrowsmith," is everything that a prize award should be. This book far outdistances any competitor of 1925 not only as a work presenting "the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standards of American manners and manhood," to quote the conditions of the contest, but also as a sheer literary achievement. It is a masterpiece, as were its predecessors, "Main Street" and "Babbitt." The award of the drama prize to Mr. George Kelly, for his "Craig's Wife," is another excellent, indeed inevitable, choice. No play in New York this season has compared with this drama from the standpoint either of technique or of interpretation of character and life. It is significant that, as Eugene O'Neill has consistently failed this year, Mr. Kelly has registered this great and worthy success. The award of the history prize to Professor Edward Channing, of Harvard, will be welcomed as constituting recognition not only of a splendid book, the sixth volume of his "History," but also of one of the most serious and devoted scholars in America today. The award of the prize for "the best American biography" to Dr. Harvey Cushing for his "Life of Sir William Osler," and of the prize for "the best volume of verse" to the late Amy Lowell for her "What's O'Clock," will perhaps be questioned more than any of the others, but no one can deny the worth if not the actual supremacy of both these books. The Pulitzer Prize committee has done a difficult piece of work most creditably. The attention which their awards have attracted is an impressive demonstration of the real existence of a serious-minded public in this country.

Not More, But Better Ideas

Professor John B. Watson, the redoubtable apostle of Behaviorism, has thrown a mighty scare into the camp of the introspectionists. He has recently issued the shameless proclamation that "all phenomena connected with human beings are objective, even the things you call 'memory' and 'thinking' . . . Philosophy is passing—has all but passed, and unless new issues arise which will give a foundation for a new philosophy, the world has seen its last great philosopher." And now our discomfort is submitted to further aggravation by the announcement which has just come from Leningrad to the effect that a detailed account of the work of Russia's greatest scientist, Professor Ivan Pavlov, is soon to be made available for the western world. At last we are to be fully initiated into the relationship between tinkling bells and the flow of the salivary glands, from which the step is logical and inevitable to the accurate and positive measurement of what are termed psychical processes in the brain, including thought.

Many of us are frankly frightened. Our minds are on edge. We have latterly found ourselves harboring the horrid suspicion that the mental faculties of the human race still leave an enormous amount to be desired; and now our worst fears appear to stand upon the verge of confirmation.

Meanwhile, one alternative remains in the introduction of the element of quality. Not more, but better ideas may serve to stem the devastating tide for the present. In fact, it is this element of quality which, to a large extent, justifies the claim of superiority in the thinking which certain persons possess over others. In our estimate of the value of material objects, such a test has come to occupy an increasingly prominent position. The amount of food which a person requires may vary with the individual, but large or small, the quality must be maintained by a certain standard producing as it does, a vital effect upon one's health, happiness, and ability to do his work. Similarly, the texture of our garments is valued in large measure by the quality of the materials. Our emotional natures are so organized that many persons are sensitive to the quality of the human voice—so much so that the presence or absence of certain qualities of speech may make all the difference betwen success and failure.

I heard a young artist the other day argue the possibility that the creative force, which through unmeasured time has been articulate in the painting of pic-

tures, might in no distant future be diverted from its conventional channels to the great field of modern machinery and industrial activity. What he meant to say was that there is a chance that along certain lines of modern industry the passion for mere mass production may have reached a turning point. The inventors, and builders, and engineers, and all the rest, are beginning to say to themselves, "We know how to build bridges and subways and automobiles and gas tanks and make moving pictures, and all the rest of these things which occupy so great a place in our modern life; why not make them as beautiful as they can be made?" In other words, it may be that beauty and use, which we may well believe God intended to be joined together, are at last to serve for the delight and refinement of the human spirit. Such a consummation is doubtless a long way off, but the very fact that it is suggested and that here and there one does seem to detect sincere efforts to bring it about, indicates the growing emphasis which man is placing today on what we speak of as quality in life.

It is something of a similar sort which we mean by the quality of a person's thought. This ability to make distinctions, this faculty which man possesses of picking out of a great mass of facts or ideas those elements which are essential, is perhaps his supreme possession. When man has had the courage to look out over the customs and institutions of his time and cast aside those which no longer serve the end which he had in view—if, indeed, he was happy enough to see any goal—we know that he has moved ahead. When, upon the other hand, through timidity or inability to distinguish between ideas of low and high degree, he has failed to do this thing, we know that the result has always proven disastrous.

Now this campaign for better ideas is beset with enormous difficulties. For one thing, the sheer mass and volume of ideas, good, bad, and indifferent, is so great as to involve one in an almost overwhelming task. Begin, for instance, with these problems of personal adjustment which all of us, whether we wish or not, must face and solve for better or worse. Here is the problem of the human family in the midst of changing economic life. Now the human family is the oldest and most permanent institution of which we have any knowledge. If anybody has an idea that the human family is on the road to extinction because of all these changes that are taking place, he is a grievously misguided person. But that doesn't eliminate the fact that the concentration of enormous numbers of persons in our great centers of population, the need for so many members of the family to engage upon gainful occupations, the changing standards of morals and conventions are all issues which challenge us in the adjustment of our personal lives.

For another person, the intellectual difficulties of this great mass of ideas would present an almost insuperable obstacle to the better thinking which we need to achieve. Everywhere the old intellectual traditions and foundations seem to be tottering. In religion, for example, the authority of the Bible seems to have sustained a terrific shock. The things which college students are saying today would have been unbelievable years ago and doubtless fall with painful force upon the sensibilities of those persons who still have an idea that the Bible is the exclusive word of God. From these intellectual difficulties to those distressing problems of racial maladjustment, the relation of capital and labor, the extent to which the Constitution of this country is being observed more in the breach than in the observance, is but a short, though painful, step. Here, then, is a suggestion of that mass of ideas with which the modern man must grapple if he entertains any ambition to do his part in the world. If anybody has a notion that there is a quick and easy solution or that it is possible to think one's way through without labor and effort, the most charitable thing to be said for that person is that he is living in a fool's paradise.

Having paid our compliments to these difficulties which stand in the way of achieving that element best described as quality of thought, it ought to be insisted that this is but one side of the picture. The other side is that there are ways of telling whether these ideas are of the sort which they ought to be, without resorting to the extremity of insisting that there is no such thing as human thought or consciousness.

The first test to which I should submit any idea is its ability to influence human behavior. We have very nearly reached the point where we are willing to admit that no matter how ancient or widespread an idea may be, unless it results in some sort of transformation of our lives, there can be no justification for it. Christianity has carried along a lot of impedimenta which really make very little difference in our lives. Instead of assisting us in solving our problems or bringing religion and life into more intimate relationship, their chief contribution has been to make Christianity more obscure. All this unintelligible speculation about the number of persons in the God-head, which for centuries consumed an enormous amount of time and energy, bears no relation whatsoever to the development of human character. Such ideas may have influenced human behavior, to be sure, but they can hardly be said to have served any useful purpose. On the other hand, it may be argued without fear of reasonable doubt that some of the most potent institutions of our time are the result of what can best be described in our present limited categories of speech as pure thought. Our system of public education in America with all its influence upon the life of the nation may be traced with perfect clearness to the qualities of mind of Horace Mann and John Dewey. The ideas of these men have made a difference. Ideas

have been and may be translated into the vital things of life.

Then, as a second test of our ideas, I should ask whether they are healthy or pathological. How are you to tell the difference between a healthy and an unhealthy idea? In such a matter there is no marked difference between an idea and an individual. A healthy idea, like a healthy individual, knows where it is going and keeps on going until it gets there, whereas an unhealthy idea is one which defeats its own end. And according to the so-called normal standards of mental health, there are lots of unhealthy ideas in the air today. Why is it that such an idea as is conveyed in the phrase "100% American" is an unhealthy idea? It starts out with a commendable enough intention. The intention is that those who come to us from other countries shall become integrated into the life and institutions of this country. That's an excellent ambition. But, presently, in the working out of this idea it develops that a lot of things must be done which appear to have little bearing upon the end that you have in mind with the result that resentment develops and instead of getting integration, you get disintegration.

Nowhere more than in the field of religion is the desire so great for healthy ideas. I think it may be stated without fear of successful contradiction that one of the most characteristic marks of the mental life of America is its interest in religion. Such concern may not manifest itself in any very profound devotion to religious institutions, but the interest in religious ideas as a counteracting influence to the crass materialism of this time is undeniable. That being the case, the challenge to persons who aspire to better ideas and the incarnation of quality in their thinking may reasonably cultivate what William James spoke of as a religion of healthy-mindedness. Sit down, some day, and go over your ideas with this condition in mind. Do your ideas of God, or of the efficacy of prayer, or your faith in immortality result in the thing which they were intended to create? If that is the case, you are a happy and a fortunate person.

Here, then, are two conditions for the cultivation of better ideas. The first test of quality is that it makes a difference. And the second is that it results in the end which it was intended to serve. When the time comes that we are willing to check ourselves up in some such fashion as this, we shall perhaps understand more clearly what an ancient writer had in mind in declaring that "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts."

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

The progress of the English labor mind, and indeed the logic of the whole labor movement everywhere, is indicated in the refusal of the pressmen on a certain London newspaper, on the day before the general strike, to print an editorial entitled "For King and Country." Such an appeal as this editorial attempted to make, was irresistible yesterday but as dead as a "dud" today. A new mind is being born—a mind industrial and international, as contrasted with the old political and national mind. And this means momentous things for the future.

The late Oscar Straus was a great and good man. Just for this reason, we could not understand many of his actions . Thus we are told that his "greatest passion was peace"—yet he supported the war! If a man's passion is health, can he propagate disease? If his passion is truth, can he tell lies? How do men do such things?

If there was ever any doubt as to whether Senator McKinley's defeat in Illinois meant the repudiation of the World Court by the voters of that state, this doubt is now completely dispelled by the announcement of Mr. Brennan, the Democratic candidate for the senatorship, that he is against the Court. Nobody has ever questioned Mr. Brennan's political understanding; when he turns against the Court, it means that he knows which way the popular gales are blowing.

Naked women and dirty "triangle" plays have flourished on the Paris stage for years. But the police have to draw the line somewhere. So a new play, "La Carcasse," has just been banished from the stage of the Theatre Francais for *slandering the French army!*

We have often had occasion to note the absurd way in which newspapers allot space to current events. We were not surprised to find a cheap, silly paper like the Boston *Post* giving a few inches on an inside page to the opening of the momentous coal strike in England, while covering six columns on the front page with enormous headlines announcing that the Governor's wife had lost a bracelet. But we were surprised on this same day to see an intelligent paper like the New York *Times* giving only a column head to the strike, and a four-column feature head to the sending of the first radio photograph across the Atlantic. What morons we are!

We made a silly mistake in this column some weeks ago, when we referred to conscription as applying to aliens. What we had in mind, of course, was foreign-born citizens. J. H. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER VI

A TRAGEDY

I have said before that I had few intimate friends at the High School. Friends who could be called intimate I had two, at different times. One of these friendships did not last long, though I never forsook the friend. He forsook me because I made friends with the other. The latter friendship I regard as a tragedy in my life. It lasted long. I formed it in the spirit of a reformer. This companion was originally my elder brother's friend; they were classmates. I knew his weaknesses, but I regarded him as a faithful friend. My mother, my eldest brother, and my wife warned me that I was in bad company. I was too proud a husband to heed the wife's warning. I dare not go against mother's though, and was bound to respect the elder brother's. But I pleaded with them: "I know he has the weaknesses you attribute to him, but you know not his virtues. He cannot lead me astray, as my company with him is meant to reform him. For I am sure that if he reforms his ways, he will be a splendid man. I beg you not to be anxious on my score." I do not think this satisfied them, but they accepted my explanation and let me go my way.

I have seen since that I had calculated wrongly. A reformer must not go into deep waters. He cannot afford to have intimacy with him whom he seeks to reform. True friendship is an identity of souls rarely to be found in the world. Only between like natures can friendship be proper and enduring. But friends react on one another. Hence in friendship there is very little scope for reform. I am of opinion that all intimacies are to be avoided, for man easily takes in vice, not virtue. And he who would be friends with God must remain alone, or make the whole world his friend. I may be wrong, but my effort to cultivate an intimate friendship proved a failure.

When I came across this friend, a wave of "reform" was sweeping over Rajkot. The friend informed me that so many of our teachers were secretly taking meat and wine. He also named many other well-known people of Rajkot as belonging to the company. There were I was told some high-school boys also among them. I was surprised and pained. I asked my friend the reason, and he thus explained it: "We are a weak people, as we do not eat meat. The English rule over us, as they are meateaters. You know how hardy I am, and a great runner too. It is because I am a meateater. Meateaters never have boils or tumors, and if they chance to have them they heal quickly. Our teachers and other distinguished people who eat meat are no fools. They know its virtues. You should also do likewise. And there is nothing like trying. Try and find what strength it gives." All this argument was not advanced at a single sitting. It represents the substance of a long and elaborate argument the friend was trying to hammer into me from time to time. My elder brother had already fallen. He therefore supported the friend's argument. I certainly looked feeble-bodied by the side of my brother and this friend. They were both hardier, physically stronger, and more daring. This friend's exploits cast a spell over me. He could run long distances and extraordinarily fast. He was an adept in high and long jumps. He could put up with any amount of corporal punishment. He would often display his exploits to me and as man is always dazzled when he sees in others the qualities that he lacks I was also dazzled by this friend's exploits. This was followed by a strong desire to be like him. I could hardly jump or run. Why should not I also be as strong as this friend?

Again I was a coward. I used to be haunted by the fear of thieves, ghosts, and serpents. I dared not therefore stir out of doors at night. Darkness simply scared me away. It was almost impossible to sleep in the dark, as I would imagine ghosts coming from one direction, thieves from another, and serpents from a third. I could not therefore bear to sleep without a light in the room. How could I disclose my fears to the wife sleeping by my side, now at the threshold of youth? I knew that she had more courage than I and I felt ashamed of myself. She knew no fear of serpents and ghosts. She could go out anywhere in the dark. The friend knew all these weaknesses of mine. He would tell me that he could hold in his hand live serpents, could defy thieves and did not believe in ghosts. And all this was of course the result of eating meat.

A doggerel of Narmad's to the following effect was very much in vogue amongst us schoolboys:

> Behold the mighty Englishman
> Rules over the Native small,
> Because being a meat-eater
> He is five cubits tall.

All this had its due effect on me. I was beaten. It began to grow on me that meat-eating was good, that it would make me strong and daring, and that if the whole country took to meat-eating the English could be beaten.

A day was thereupon fixed for beginning meat-eating. It will be difficult for many to see why a day had to be fixed for the beginning of the new reform. The Gandhis were Vaishnavas. My parents were particularly staunch Vaishnavas. They would regularly visit the *Haveli* (the chief Vaishnava temple). The family had even its own temples. Jainism is also strong in Gujarat, and its influence is felt everywhere and on all occasions. The opposition to and abhorrence for meat-eating that is to be seen in Gujarat among the Jains and Vaisnavas is to be seen nowhere in India or outside. These were the traditions in which I was born and bred up. And I was extremely devoted to my parents. I knew that the moment they came to know of my having eaten meat, they would be shocked to death. I was also knowingly or unknowingly a servant of truth. I cannot say that I did not know then that I would have to deceive my parents if I began

eating meat. But my mind was bent on the reform. It was not a question of pleasing the palate. I did not know that it had a particularly good relish. I wanted to be strong and daring and wanted my countrymen also to be such, so that we might defeat the English and make India free—the word "Swaraj" I had not yet heard. The frenzy of the reform blinded me. So completely I forgot myself.—(Translated from *Navajivan* by MAHADEO DESAI.)

M. K. GANDHI.

Patriotic Celebrations Fitting and Unfitting

The energetic and wholesome article by Harold Underwood Faulkner in the last Harper's Magazine, on perverted American history and the mischiefs of a bastard patriotism, is a most necessary article, and long overdue. Every day illustrates the evils which make such rebukes imperative. The celebration of the Lexington anniversary in Boston on the nineteenth of April was a flagrant case in point. It was almost everything which the celebration of that heroic event ought not to be. Its spectacular part was a military parade, the Common crowded with "horse, foot and artillery;" and its oratorical part was abuse of peacemakers. The question is not whether the parade itself was colorful and picturesque and entertained the crowd; that is another story. The point is not whether the pageant was well done; the point is that it was unfitting, and that this way of celebrating such occasions should be superseded. A military parade on the Nineteenth of April, the movement of regiments of troops through our streets, dramatizes the British part on that fateful day, when our business is to recall to the minds of our people the American part, the rally of a hundred farmers to defend their liberties as best they could against the tyranny and the assault of military power. Last year, a few weeks before the Lexington celebration, the Massachusetts Daughters of the American Revolution sent a formal petition to the President or the Secretary of War to send a detachment of West Point men to take part in the parade. The petition was disregarded, but it was certainly extraordinary. Nothing could well have been more hateful to those old Lexington farmers, who loathed nothing so much as reminders of a regular army.

"Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as the summons came they left
The plow 'mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all!"

Boston had better give up altogether the formal celebration of this sacred day, if it cannot manage it better than it did on the nineteenth of April, and leave it to Lexington and Concord, which furnish the appropriate stage and seem to be able to manage it properly. One cannot well conceive anything finer or more fitting than the simple and picturesque observance at Lexington, as the reports reflect it. I once saw Schiller's "William Tell" played at Altdorf, Tell's old Swiss home, by the villagers themselves, as was their yearly custom, in a theatre built for the purpose by the community; and I have never seen a finer performance of it, nor any other half so impressive. I wish that the gifted young people of Lexington, on the morning of each Nineteenth of April, might similarly stage on their Green the rally of the farmers, as Paul Revere's message came, and the ensuing tragedy, with no foe in sight but an imaginary one. Done as they could do it, with the reverence and devotion of the villagers of Altdorf or Oberammergau, such a pageant would be sacramental and would command the attention of the nation.

Even the Paul Revere part of the event in Boston was as badly mismanaged as anything could well be. That, too, was militarized to the limit. To personate both Revere and William Dawes, sergeants from a cavalry troop were chosen; and when Revere set out on his ride, he was attended by four cavalrymen of the troop! Anything more offensive to one's intelligent patriotism or to one's dramatic sense could not well be conceived.

But if the pageantry was unfitting, the oratory was worse. The chief display was at the Mayor's dinner, at which a colonel presided, and at which the guests and the speakers were chiefly military gentlemen. All of them, the report says, attacked pacifism. One wonders whether such performances, the luxurious abuse of half the population, and that not the worse half, are paid for out of the public taxes. General Barnum pronounced pacifism the possible "dry rot of American manhood." Lt. Col. Gallup criticized opposition to military training in the schools. Captain Cooke "talked in the same vein." Col. Bauer urged offensive rather than defensive methods against pacifists; they should be "kept out of clubs and positions of trust." Col. Swan told the story of a dying comrade in France who "carried a small flag in his blouse, next his heart, and died for that flag without a whimper." "Tell that," exclaimed the Colonel, "to some of your damned pacifists." Well, all heroic deaths are sad, but they are common, and most of us, even those who love peace and hope they are not "damned," have too well known such in their circles. But the oratory gave "great satisfaction and pleasure" to the Mayor, who, in concluding the speech-making, said that from his contact with military men he had "gained the impression of strength and virility," and he "hoped there would be no interval of vanity when men are without character."

The oratory at the annual meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution on the day seems to have been less flamboyant, but equally monotonous. There was "unanimous opposition" to pacifists, and a resolution was sent to Massachusetts senators and congressmen protesting against armament reduction and endorsing appropriations for national defense and especially the pending universal service law. No other action

on the part of these particular patriots was recorded, save the decoration of the graves of certain soldiers of the Revolution by a Continental guard armed with flint-locks.

Did anybody ever hear of a "Patriotic Society" doing anything for the cause of peace and better world order? Did one ever fail to applaud bigger appropriations for military "preparedness"? Did one ever lead in applying the radical and robust principles of the fathers to the problems of today? How would a ringing speech on what Washington and Franklin and Jefferson thought about war and peace have fitted in at the Mayor's dinner?

We commemorate this year the 100th anniversary of the death of Jefferson and the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, of which he was the author. He was the great internationalist among the founders of the republic, who were the pre-eminent peace statesmen of their age. In this last week, beginning the nineteenth of April, the national society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has been holding its annual convention in Washington. Is there any likelihood that any address on Jefferson was on its program, or that any word was spoken on the significance of the Declaration of Independence in human history? None got into print. Is there any likelihood that any word whatever was spoken by any Daughter of them on any matter of vital concern at this moment to this republic or to mankind? I have before me a long Washington dispatch about the program. It is almost entirely taken up with gossip about the rivalries in the nomination of "a new President General, seven Vice-Presidents, and a Board of Control," with something about entertainments and a White House reception. For that momentous program for the promotion of the principles of the American Revolution, one or two thousand grand dames journeyed to Washington all the way from Eastport and San Diego. Contemplate the coming Fourth of July celebration in such hands. Contemplate it in Boston under such inspiration as that of the parade and oratory of April 19. Is Thomas Jefferson to be commemorated on July 4, 1926, by a military demonstration?

It happens that I am a pacifist, which means one who believes that nations should live together in lawful and cooperative association, as individuals do in the nation. The denunciations at the Mayor's dinner and at Faneuil Hall meant me and a great body of my friends, among the noblest men and women of Europe and America. I do not like the word "pacifist," and never use it. This is an English-speaking country, and we have no need to use a French word when our good English word *peacemaker* means the same thing. But when "pacifists" are denounced and "damned," then I stand up to take my share of the obloquy with the brethren. Christ said that the peacemakers should be called the children of God, which was quite unlike the nomenclature at the Mayor's dinner. A writer in one of the Boston papers, who commends his views as consummately scientific and up to date, informed us a day or two ago that there is no God, that the thing now flowering among the enlightened is atheism, and that the new regime will "politely and decently deliberate on what to do with the church." God has been bowed out in this way rather frequently in my lifetime, but always managed to get back with refreshing regularity by Saturday night. But I find some confirmation of the view in the report of the Mayor's dinner; it makes it easier to believe in a godless world. If there be no God, then, of course, Christ's blessing on us humble peacemakers as children of God does not make us much of an aristocracy. But such as we are, we propose to stand together and see the thing through; and we rejoice that the great founders of the republic are with us. I resent such talk as that in Boston on the nineteenth of April no more as a peacemaker than as a patriot, a man with Lexington blood in his veins, who feels that this whole sort of thing is recreancy to the republic and its founders.

We rejoice that the future is in the hands of youth and not of age. The only "damned pacifists" singled out for opprobrious mention at the Mayor's dinner were the Young People's Peace Fellowship, and especially its president, a noble young theological student, known and honored by many of us in Boston. The members of this young people's society, now happily a great and growing society, are mainly members of churches, of the Christian associations, and the Christian Endeavor societies. I wish that the sundry Sons and Daughters and the military gentlemen who so jauntily dealt out damnation to the peacemakers at the Mayor's dinner were half so serious in their patriotism and half so sure of final beatitude as children of God.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Boston, Mass.

Unity

If I one joy of mine could sweetly sing,
One common joy that blossoms in a flower,
Ripens in fruit,
Resounds in chimes that ring,
Or waits in welcome at the twilight hour—
Then would I wield than kings a kinglier power,
Then lips would plead
That now refuse a sign:
Friends let us be, thy joy is like to mine.

If I one grief of mine could sadly sing,
One sorrow common to our human kin,
Regrets that linger and fond hopes that go,
How then my broken, sobbing heart would win
All hearts of men whom pain has entered in;
How lips would plead that now refuse a sign:
Friends let us be, thy grief is like to mine.

LAURA BLISS LANE.

The Yoke

I haven't seen a yellow blossom
Bee-bent and fragrant in the grass;
Not one, tho wide my eyes are open
And petals down the furrow pass!
My brain is heavy with the torture
Of hours that only slaves have known;
I'm blind, I'm blind to God and nature—
To flowers His Summer winds have strown!

Lord, loose this chain—a toil unfitted;
My heart is in the city street!
My hands are slim; they fain would color
Clear pools where golden rushes meet!
I wear a yoke of some thing foreign;
It has no throb in all my soul!
I hate the thing and grim, unseeing
Am kin to darkness and the mole!

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER.

Asia and India

Few persons in America realize how great a place in the history and civilization of the world the continent of Asia has held and still holds; and especially is it true that few persons among us, even of those who call themselves educated, realize how great a country India is, how important has been her history, how splendid in many ages has been her past, how rich has been and is her civilization, how much she has contributed to the world's higher life, or how great contribution she is certain to make to the intellectual and spiritual wealth of the future if she is permitted so to do. Every possible agency, therefore, including prominently, of course, the printing press, should be employed to make India known to America, and also to make America known to India. The great Orient and the great Occident, the great East and the great West, should not be the strangers that they are. Want of acquaintance begets antagonism. If we are ever to have world-wide friendship, world-wide brotherhood and world-wide peace, we must have world-wide acquaintance. Probably there is no greater need in the world today than that of better knowledge and therefore closer friendship between the peoples of Europe and America on the one hand and those of Asia on the other. Much more than half the population of the globe reside in Asia. The permanent peace of the world depends upon peace between the Orient and Occident, and that depends upon acquaintance and friendship between the two.

One of the most amazing and regrettable facts of modern history is the arrogance and semi-contempt with which the people of Europe and America have long looked down upon Asia, as if her people were inferior, as if her place in the world of civilization and the world's achievement were insignificant. But what are the facts? Asia is the mother continent of the world. She is the mother of the world's most important races, including the leading races of Europe; she is the greatest mother of nations; she is the most important mother of languages; she is the mother of the alphabet and of great literatures; she is the mother of astronomy, mathematics and navigation; and of most of the arts and industries of the world; she is the mother of the world's highest civilization, having given to mankind its first great centers of enlightenment many centuries before any part of Europe had emerged from barbarism; and when civilization began to penetrate Europe, it was from Asia that it came. What is of immense importance, too, Asia is pre-eminently the mother of religions. All the great historic religions of mankind are of Asiatic origin; not one arose on any other continent. Europe herself received both her Christianity and her Bible from Asia. Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah and Jesus were all Asiatics. Where, then, is there any ground for pride and arrogance on the part of Europe or America when comparing themselves with Asia? And thinking of India, it should be borne in mind that India is not only geographically the center and heart of Asia, with a population greater than all the rest of that great continent combined, outside of China, but throughout all her long history she has been preeminently the intellect of Asia, the teacher of Asia, the leader in the higher life of Asia.

Said Lord Curzon, himself an Englishman and Governor-General of India:

> Powerful empires existed and flourished in India while Englishmen were still wandering, painted savages in the woods. India has left a deeper mark upon the history, the philosophy and the religions of mankind, than any other terrestrial unit in the universe.

Mr. H. G. Wells, also an Englishman, tells us in his great survey of the history of the world, that of the six greatest men in the whole important life of humanity, two of the number were sons of India. One of these was Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist faith, which has nearly as many adherents as Christianity, and the other was Asoka, the Buddhist emperor of the third century before Christ, who, as a ruler and statesman, was quite as great as Caesar of Rome, and incomparably nobler.

Nor is the greatness of India confined to the past. We all know that one of the greatest and noblest religious teachers of the modern world is Mahatma Gandhi, and that one of the most eminent poets and educators of our time is Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

These facts should help us to see how essential, to persons claiming any considerable degree of intelligence, is acquaintance with the history, achievements and thought of Asia, and particularly India, and how seriously one-sided and defective is any culture which confines itself to knowledge of Europe and America, and is willing to remain ignorant of the large and immensely important part of the world's history and civilization which has appeared in the world's oldest, greatest and truly "Mother" continent.

The western world has produced no greater oriental scholar, no man with wider knowledge of the history and civilization of the East, and especially of India, and therefore, no man better qualified to speak of the importance to us all of knowledge of the East, particularly India, than Professor Max Müller of Oxford University, England. Says that great scholar:

> If I were to look over the world, to find out the country most richly endowed with all the wealth and beauty that nature can bestow—in some parts a very paradise—I should point to India. If I were asked under what sky the human mind has most fully developed, some of its choicest gifts, how most deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life, and has found solutions of some of them which well deserve the attention even of those who have studied Plato and Kant—I should point to India. If I were to ask myself from what literature we here in the western world, we who have been nurtured almost exclusively on the thoughts of Greeks and Romans and one Semitic race, the Jewish, may draw that corrective which is most wanted in order to make our inner life more perfect, more comprehensive, more universal, in fact, more truly human, a life not for this life only, but a transfigured and eternal life—again I should point to India. Whatever sphere of the human mind you may select for your special study, whether it be language, or mythology, or philosophy, whether it be laws of customs, primitive art or primitive science, everywhere you have to go to India, whether you like it or not, because some of the most valuable and most instructive materials in the history of man are treasured up in India and in India only.

Does any one say that these are extravagant statements? Before doing so let him at least wait until he has a tithe of the knowledge of the subject possessed by the great scholar who utters them.

> I read on the porch of a palace bold,
> These words in golden letters cast;
> 'A house, though a million winters old,
> A house of earth, comes down at last.
> Then quarry thy stones from the crystal All,
> And build the dome that shall not fall.'

Something like this seems to be what India has to say to the West, if we are able to hear the message.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

New York City.

Pilgrims to Passaic

John Haynes Holmes has two faded red carnations. They were given to him in circumstances dramatic and inspiring.

The city of Garfield is an appendage to the city of Passaic in the sovereign state of New Jersey. Passaic and its environs furnish the present background for the long, hard battle of the many against the few.

Passaic is a community dependent on five or six great textile mills. Wool and silk are the materials there converted into cloth—a necessary form of shelter. Sixteen thousand men and women normally labor in the mills of the neighborhood. In October last the wages of these sixteen thousand were reduced by one-tenth. To the average worker this reduction implied the difference between existence and non-existence. For the wages paid by the owners of the Passaic mills were at the time of the "cut" already so low as to be sufficient only for the business of keeping mere body and soul together. Even the employers realize the importance of a working entente between these two major elements of individual existence.

The October "slash" then was in effect a sentence of death for the workers. Small wonder that they objected. Less wonder still when they heard that the mills were paying handsome dividends to their stockholders—one mill, it was reported, was paying 90 per cent on its capital stock. The workers' objection took the inevitable form of a strike. That was fifteen weeks ago.

In the beginning the strike was very like any other conflict of the kind. But, as it happened, the strikers called to their assistance an able leader, Weisbord by name; and Weisbord soon made it plain that he was a strategist of more than common ability. The owners of the mills suddenly faced the possibility of being defeated in the struggle which their action had precipitated. The police were summoned to the defense of the system. The police were brutal. They beat the strikers; they terrorized the strikers' families; they assaulted newspaper reporters; they experimented with tear bombs, with new developments of "the water cure," with all the old and many novel varieties of coercion—tacitly approved by the Governor of the state, openly encouraged by the reactionary press, by business organizations and by fanatics who habitually see in every labor gesture the blood-red spectre of Bolshevism, and more or less definitely supported by the state judiciary. Picketing was forbidden by injunction, meetings were arbitrarily disbanded, processions were scattered, leaders were jailed, women and children were clubbed, and the Riot Act was read. The officers of the law, responsible servants of the people, were guilty of the betrayal of the principles of constitutional freedom, to the preservation of which they were theoretically dedicated. Inevitably, the American Civil Liberties Bureau came to the aid of the strikers and of the larger community whose rights were challenged.

So the stage was set. On Friday, April 30th, the sheriff and his deputies were czars in Passaic and vicinity.

The Civil Liberties Bureau had arranged on the previous day with Mr. Holmes to test the sheriff's power. Mr. Holmes had been invited to go to Garfield, to address a meeting of strikers and other citizens there; he had accepted the invitation. The morning newspapers of the 30th had printed a statement given out by the sheriff, Mr. Nimmo, to the effect that Mr. Holmes would be arrested and imprisoned if he spoke. Norman Thomas, of the League for Industrial Democracy, had three weeks earlier encountered Mr. Nimmo in a similar manner, and Mr. Nimmo had "gotten away with it."

When Mr. Holmes and a party of four friends left New York for Garfield at 12:30 on the 30th, the expectation was that Mr. Holmes would have just such an experience as Mr. Thomas had had—if not worse.

We travelled to Passaic via Hudson Tube and Erie Railroad. From Passaic we went by motor to Garfield. Through the Main Street of a perfectly normal New Jersey town, where "business as usual" seemed engraved on every countenance, we drove. Then through discouraged fields, meadows scarred by industrial waste and misuse, and finally — almost suddenly — into a narrower Main Street with all the characteristics of a factory neighborhood—the principal artery of forbidden Garfield.

On the pavements bordering the roadway we found slow-moving crowds of hundreds of strikers and strikers' families and friends. Many children in wide-eyed wonder. Many old men and old women, transplanted peasants from lands oversea. Many young men and young women, clad in the cheap finery of milltown department stores, but with the still unspoiled beauty of youth, the still unbeaten spirit of childhood in them.

All these, we saw at a glance, were being herded along by caricatures of men armed with clubs and rifles. Caricatures is the right word, for if character is ever betokened by physical appearance, these deputies and policemen were Calibans in fact as in figure. Brutality was stamped on each of their faces—their very gait was ape-like, cruel and grotesque.

We drove slowly through the crowds, passing the hall in which the forbidden meeting was to be held, a private building standing on ground privately owned. On the outer edge of the town we left the car. Walking back to the meeting place, we were followed by scores of men and women, boys and girls, who recognized Mr. Holmes and guessed that his arrival foreshadowed events.

Through a file of armed guards with shiny badges we walked to the door of the hall. The evening newspapers referred to our walk as a "sprint."

As we came into the porch of the hall the crowds broke out cheering. Moving picture cameras began to grind. The guards closed in after us. We entered the building—a strange sanctuary; in brief: a bar-room.

And in a corner of a section of this bar we sat for three hours waiting the arrival of a lawyer of the Civil Liberties Bureau, a lawyer delegated to attempt to secure an injunction restraining the sheriff and his creatures from interfering with our right to speak. A tedious wait.

From the narrow windows of our "prison" we watched the Calibans doing sentry duty. Back and forth, up and down, they marched, their sinister weapons on their shoulders.

I asked a striker who happened to be present, "What were these fellows before they got their present

jobs?" He answered, "They was just bums!" I must remark that they looked the part.

Mr. Holmes was philosophical. He had come to speak, he was determined to speak. He was willing to wait while the Bureau attorney made his last minute appeal to the famous Jersey brand of justice, but that waiting was probably the hardest work one could ask him to do. However that may be, he was patient to the point of martyrdom throughout.

As we sat in the stifling atmosphere of that little barroom I though how unreal, how like a play, the whole performance was. These Calibans did not seem real. The podgy under-sheriff who represented Mr. Nimmo was more like a character lifted from Dickens than a real man. The very group of which I was one was so completely out of element as to seem a collection of puppets in a pantomime. The realest thing in that back room was Mr. Holmes's patience—his patient impatience.

To his and our relief the lawyer came at last. His arrival was first cousin to the scene in the ancient melodrama where the prodigal son dashes up just in time to save the old homestead. Mr. Hughes was our deliverer. I did not see the face of the under-sheriff when he received the papers the vice chancellor had signed. It was later reported that he had said, "Is my name in this?" To which Mr. Hughes answered, "It certainly is!"

The importance of these documents could hardly be exaggerated. They represented the first definite victory won by and for the strikers in the New Jersey courts. Under their provisions "the American flag emerged from the Garfield jail." Under their provisions Mr. Holmes's legal right to speak in the strike zone was sustained.

We left the fetid bar-room and descended to the floor of a pavilion, normally dedicated to dancing. As we entered, the vanguard of the crowd rushed in at another door. There was one hectic moment when it was reported that the doorkeper had been arrested. Whether or not this was true we never heard. The pavilion was almost instantly filled to capacity. Thousands of cheering strikers, old and young, all happy, all victorious, poured in. For over an hour thereafter they stood in that hall, packed together shoulder to shoulder. At the platform's edge many children, beautiful as only children are.

The meeting that was not to be permitted began. The chairman introduced Mr. Holmes. The crowd went wild. The thing they and we had been forbidden to do was being done.

Mr. Holmes was again in his own element. He was at his best. He did not fail to use his opportunity to "point a moral to adorn a tale." He showed how theirs was a victory of and for law and order. He told them of his admiration for their moderation. He praised their patience and good-nature. He warned them against any deviation from their policy of non-violent resistance. He promised them a final and a complete victory. Pointing to a flag upon the wall, he said, "This flag is *your* flag! Don't let the bosses take it from you."

In the middle of his speech a girl handed him three carnations, wrapped in florist's tissue. He held them over his head for the crowd to see. "They're red!" he cried, and the pavilion rocked with cheers. The red of human brotherhood!

Others spoke. We stayed to cheer them.

When the last word had been said we took our places in the crowd and filed out to the street. The Calibans were still there. But a police captain saluted us as we moved away to our waiting car.

We left Passaic with the feeling that somehow we had helped, that somehow the game of life is worth playing, that beauty and truth and freedom persist even in the most unkind environment, and that the soul of man somehow, some day, will triumph over the material world that now enslaves it.

Mr. Holmes has two blood-red carnations—faded souvenirs of a great moment in the history of a great cause.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

On Contemplation of a Department Store

Are you less? Are you less?
Be like a building—why not?
Architecturally conceived, a beautiful intent
Find your own firm foundation.
Make yourself of rock, steel, iron,
Well seasoned timbers, broad transparencies;
Look out on the world, let light stream in,
Reflect the changing heavens above you.
Rise up floor after floor,
Crisscrossed with widened aisles
And ceilings high, patterned and white;
Have your doors well hinged,
But never lock entrance or exit;
Then let the people, the people
Earth's own people come and go through you,
For impressions of personalities
Are to be your only profit;
Have counters of silks and satins,
Fine cloths, cloaks for the cold,
Luxuries for those who love,
Books of knowledge for the studious,
Toys and games for the playful,
And urns, draperies, buttons, many notions;
Be patient, try to match all samples,
Shirk not today's tedium of duty.
Assemble many radios within you,
Broadcast heartfelt music through them,
Stir romance in the salesmen,
Speed the determined on an errand;
Have tables for talkers, couches for weepers,
And for rendezvous the fountain of laughter,
Yes, give of your best refreshment;
Serve yourself out a diversified whole,
Sell out, sell out to the traveler,
For stocks of love can be regained,
No market can corner emotion;
In the morning be tinted and glinted,
At noontime flooded with unminted gold,
At evening drenched in purples, reds,
At night with silent shadows veiled
Leaving a little window lighted;
Audaciously defiant grace the great avenue—
Your life a constant invitation,
But beware lest storms of commerce
Try to beat, to tear you down;
Think! Think! gather coins of thought,
Think, but remember a building and its wares
May rot and rumble to ruin,
And you! You O Man, O Woman!
Can make yourselves immortal,
Enduring souls, everlasting monuments
Of inspiration for future ages—
Are you less? Are you less?
Be like a building—why not?

ROSALIE GOODYEAR.

The Study Table

The Negro Helps Himself

Laurence C. Jones is a young colored man (now about forty) the son of a hotel porter in St. Joseph, Missouri, who worked his way through high school and college, graduating from the University of Iowa in 1907. He "always had a subconscious desire to be a school teacher but had also cherished a desire to engage in the poultry business." One day President McLean used the phrase *"noblesse oblige"* and from the eminent botanist of Iowa, Dr. McBride, the boy learned the meaning of the words. And this definition taught him that his "duty was down in the black belt among the less fortunate of his people."

Jones was in line for an appointment under Booker Washington at Tuskegee, but chose instead a little off-shoot school in Mississippi. Later he removed to the Piney Woods of southern Mississippi, where at Braxton existed "a forlorn hope of a high school" in a building without ceiling or glass windows or blackboards. The ideal of this school rose to the eighth school grade and with the teachers an average salary of $18 per month.

Mr. Jones gives a vivid account in this volume* of the progress of his school, of its continuous gloomy outlook and his own persistent optimism. A local banker encouraged him in these words: "The rain has the best of you, my money's out, the darkies are all blue and I'm blue, so that we are about alike on color; but go ahead and do what you can and I will help you a little later."

Under an old cedar tree "in God's out of doors" the high school was formally begun. It was later transferred to a tumble-down cabin used by sheep, but also "inhabited by lizards, snakes and owls."

Dr. L. G. Weld, afterwards dean of the University of Iowa, wrote in regard to his own visit to Braxton: "There are at the Piney Woods Institute no shops or laboratories or other equipment that are not from the standpoint of the university man, pitifully inadequate, but there is a definiteness and strength of purpose, and adaptation of simple means to practical ends, an enthusiasm on the part of teachers and pupils, and certainty of reasonable success in their work which even the most favored of our colleges and technical schools could afford to sacrifice much to secure."

In due time white friends came to encourage the struggling blacks, sometimes teaching without pay. These people fared better and better as they learned how to do things and how to think. Piney Woods began to use cook-stoves instead of campfires, and "nearly everybody had nearly enough covering for the chill autumn nights."

The next ten years marked the settling of the negro problem in Rankin County and the "widening influences" reached up to Jackson, the capital of the state. The young colored boy who stood behind all this effort explained to me once, while on a visit to Stanford, that they had reached no ideal perfection but that they held out to all "the torch of learning and opportunity and were still in the throes of those growing years when our boys are quartered in temporary barracks and often in tents, and when our girls, to make room for one more, often sleep four in a bed." His own work he defined as "spraying a human orchard." But ahead of them is a solution of a race problem, which no outside influence, whether of force or of benevolence, could achieve by itself.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

*"Piney Woods and Its Story," by Laurence C. Jones, Principal of the Piney Woods Country Life School, with an introduction by S. S. McClure. Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York, etc.

Correspondence

Italy in the Tyrol

Editor of UNITY:

Had I not already been a confirmed pacifist, my brief stay in Tyrol would have made me one. It is the first attempt I have seen of one people to absorb another against the latter's will, and it is really a very tragic situation.

Here in Bozen, for example, 99 per cent of the people are Germans, the 1 per cent constituting policemen, soldiers, railway and other governmental employees. This proportion holds good for a large part of Tyrol. In its effort to Italianize Tyrol, the Italian government has ordered that every advertisement, sign, program, menu, etc., must first be printed in the Italian language, and following that it may be printed in German. This year only Italian was taught in the public schools up to the third year. The limit will be increased one each year, until eventually the German language, together with all German instructors, will be ruled out altogether. However, the parents are teaching their children the German language in the home, and German continues to be the spoken language, although many Germans know Italian. A parade was staged yesterday in which all school children were compelled to participate and yell "Hurrah for Mussolini" in celebration of his escape from his would-be assassin.

The absurdities to which the government has gone is illustrated in a law which prevails throughout Tyrol to the effect that in every concert, vocal or instrumental, at least one number must be rendered which was writen by an Italian composer. When this is not done an Italian officer interferes, and declares that the program cannot proceed unless this law is complied with. I know for a fact that this has happened here in Bozen and also in Meran.

The German people, to all outward appearances, are working hard and attempting to make the best of the situation. But deep in their hearts they are bitter, and are looking forward to a day of reckoning. This spirit was illustrated in a winegrower on one of the hillsides of Bozen. While drinking wine in his garden, a German acquaintance of mine asked him if he were now a good Italian. "Yes," was the former's retort, "but with my fist in my pocket." With such conditions prevailing the chances for world peace are slim. J. E. B.
Marburg, Germany.

Hitting the Nail on the Head!

Editor of UNITY:

May I earnestly congratulate you upon the publication of Zona Gale's article on "Force" in your issue of April 19. It is an exceedingly interesting, and to whoever will think a convincing presentation of fundamentals in the science of natural law, a science which so many pseudo-scientists are disposed to discount or put aside.

Just as earnestly do I congratulate you upon your own treatment of the agitation for abolishing or modifying the "natural right" to deluge the community with "booze." What you say of it in "Jottings" of UNITY for April 19 reminds me of an experience in a Chicago public school on the Lincoln centennial day.

I was visiting the school officially during special exercises, and being requested to ask questions of the pupils, I asked who was the orator of the day at Gettysburg when

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION

Apropos of the coming of the Meadville Theological School to Chicago "The Western Unitarian" will issue a special Theological Education Number. The plan is to have our next number contain, among other pertinent matter, a diversity of critical opinion on theological education in general and on Unitarian theological education in particular. A recent letter from a theological professor says that this theme is a white-hot subject in every theological group in the country. Dr. Southworth's Berry Street paper bears similar testimony. Dr. Robert L. Kelley's survey of theological education reveals the need of a severe overhauling of the theological curriculum. But great and effective changes must come from the concerted thought of many persons. Hence a number of Unitarians have been asked for brief articles of specific criticism of present methods in theological education and definite suggestions for improvement. The mere removal of the Meadville School to Chicago and the erection of new buildings will avail but little unless this is accompanied by important readjustments in the curriculum. —*The Western Unitarian.*

THE SEVENTY-FOURTH SESSION OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE

May 17 and 18, 1926

General Theme: Next Steps in Religion

Crystal Room, Hotel Sherman, Clark and Randolph Streets, Chicago

PROGRAM

Herbert F. Goodrich, Presiding

Monday, May 17th

10:00 A. M.—Business Session.

1. Appointment of Committees.

2. Report of Treasurer—Emmett I. Richardson.

3. Annual Message of Secretary—Curtis W. Reese.

10:45 A. M.—"The Next Step in Theological Education."

Addresses: A. Eustace Haydon, Prof. Comparative Religion, University of Chicago.

Franklin C. Southworth, Pres. Meadville Theological School.

Discussion.

12:30 P. M. Meeting of Board of Directors.

2:30 P. M.—"The Next Step in Churchmanship" (with special reference to the spirit and technique of missions).

"From the Point of View of a Mission Preacher"—Horace Westwood, Toledo, O.

"From the Point of View of a Pastor"—John Malick, Cincinnati, O.

Discussion.

8:00 P. M.—Annual Sermon "The Religious Faith of a Twentieth Century Man"—George R. Dodson, St. Louis, Mo.

Tuesday, May 18th

10:00 A. M.—"The Next Step in Religious Education."

Addresses—Theodore G. Soares, Dept. of Religious Education, University of Chicago.

Lon R. Call, Louisville, Ky.

Discussion.

12:30 P. M.—Luncheons.

1. Alliance, Mrs. D. P. Hueston, presiding. Reports of State Directors—Address, Minna C. Budlong.

2. Laymen's League, Newton E. Lincoln, presiding. Speaker to be announced.

3. Ministers, von Ogden Vogt, presiding. Address, Robert E. Park, Dept. of Sociology, University of Chicago.

3:00 P. M.—"The Next Step in Religious Liberty," Henry F. Waring, Memphis.

"Some Lions in the Path," Jane Addams, Chicago.

Discussion.

8:00 P. M.—Platform Meeting.

Addresses: "The Humanizing of Theology," Leon M. Birkhead, Kansas City, Mo.

"The Humanizing of Ethics," John H. Dietrich, Minneapolis, Minn.

9:30 P. M.—Dance, under the auspices of the Chicago Y. P. R. U.

PETITION FOR DEBS' CITIZENSHIP

Whereas, Eugene V. Debs was deprived of his citizenship when he was sentenced to a federal prison for opposition to the World War, and

Whereas, Mr. Debs was sentenced under a special emergency law, and this law and this emergency no longer exist, and

Whereas, Mr. Debs is a man of loftiest and purest motives, devoted wholeheartedly to a life-long work of making this country, as he sees it, greater and better, and

Whereas, amnesty and full citizenship has been restored in such cases by all the other governments of the former Allies; therefore

We, the undersigned citizens, respectfully petition the Congress of the United States to restore to Eugene V. Debs his full rights as a citizen.

Lincoln delivered the address that had been repeated in the school that afternoon. Immediately there came a chorus of replies: "President Lincoln." "Oh, they know better than that," the superintendent assured me impatiently; and after a bit of cross-examination she brought out statements from two of three of the pupils to the effect that the orator of the day was Edward Everett. Then I asked why it was that the oration of the day had been forgotten while Lincoln's brief talk had become on American classic.

Only one hand went up. It was that of a girl of probably thirteen years. "Rise and answer," the superintendent commanded. The girl stood up and said: "It is because Lincoln hit the nail on the head."

Precisely so, it seems to me, of your "Jottings," and also of Zona Gale's "Force." Both of you have "hit the nail on the head."

Washington, D. C. LOUIS F. POST.

"Essentials" of Humanism

Editor of UNITY:

The issue, as I understand it, between Mr. Reese and me is solely as to his calling the points he has mentioned "essentials" of Humanism. If he had called them characteristics I should not object, any more than to having such things as the Mass, prayers to the Virgin, and the Nicene Creed called characteristics of Christianity. But if these things were called essentials of Christianity, many people would object.

Of course Humanism should not be "narrowed down" to the views of "certain persons of the Reformation period," any more than Christianity should be narrowed down to the views of certain persons of the first century, A. D. But I suppose Mr. Reese would consider it unfair to define Christianity in such a way as to exclude Jesus and the apostles and Paul. But is it not equally unfair to define Humanism in such a way as to shut out Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More, and the later exponents of the movement, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller?

But if it is not to be "tied down" to the views of sixteenth and eighteenth century exponents, why tie it down to Protagoras of the fifth century B. C.? Why especially when we only know one sentence of his teaching, and are not sure what that sentence means?

It was rash of me—possibly unfair because rash—to charge Mr. Reese with identifying Humanism with Pragmatism when he had not used the latter term, though what he said seemed very much like Pragmatic doctrine. But now I am justified by his own witness; for he names F. C. S. Schiller twice as "the chief modern exponent of Humanism"—Prof. Schiller, the philosopher, the Pragmatist, and the man that has taken over this term as a synonym for Pragmatism.

I do not, however, object to the use of the term in that sense when one is merely, and obviously, discussing philosophic questions. But I do object to its transference in the same sense to religious questions. This is peculiarly out of keeping with the view that Mr. Reese, as I presume, holds, and which I certainly do, of religion as not dependent primarily on philosophic or theological doctrines, but growing out of human instincts. With this view of religion, why use in relation to religious thought, a term in the narrow sense of a purely philosophic theory?

If Humanism, as Mr. Reese contends, "is rooted in the ages and grows toward the future," it ought to grow larger, not smaller, in its meaning and catholicity. It should not, on such premises, be tied down to a creed of "essentials," which if a man accepts not on every point, he is in outer darkness.

JOSEPH CLAUDE ALLEN.

Boston, Mass.

THE NEWS LETTER

The Fellowship of Reconciliation
383 Bible House, New York City
May, 1926 No. 3

International F. O. R. Conference

At Oberammergau, Bavaria, Germany, from August 13 to 20 will be held the General Conference of the International F. O. R. The discussions will deal with Post-Locarno Western Europe and South Eastern Europe, to discover what contribution our movement can make to the situation.

There will be room for 30 or 40 Americans, if they make application to the office at 383 Bible House, New York City, before the end of May. If any member has a chance to get there, please write us at once for full information. Non-members may also attend. The Conference fee will be 47 shillings, including board and lodging.

Annual Fall Conference, F. O. R.

This will be held as usual during the second or third week of September at some place not far from New York City. The program is now being worked out, but it can be said that it will deal with some significant phase of the meaning of the movement and the method of expressing it. All who can do so are asked to keep the Conference in mind and plan for attendance, if possible.

Olivet Conference

This Conference, under the auspices of the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order, will be held for four weeks in August at Olivet, Michigan, eighteen miles from Battle Creek. A week each will be given to Economics, International, Racial and Family Problems. A similar conference held there last year was unusually valuable. The rates are extraordinarily low. All inquiries should be addressed to Miss Amy Blanche Greene, Room 505, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

All Other Conferences

Those who may be going to attend any of the many conferences of various groups which will be held during the summer anywhere in the country and will be willing to see that some Fellowship literature is put out for distribution, please write the office. You can do a good service to the movement by this co-operation.

A PROTEST

Against military training in our schools I have protested and would continue to protest, not because I object to the drill in itself (for I do not), but because I think we ought not to make that which implies a perpetuation of international hatreds and brutish warfare a purposeful feature of the education of our children. I can, though with difficulty, conceive of conditions which might make such emergency training necessary; but I cannot bring myself to believe that we are to let our whole system of education reach its acme in recrudescent savagery or in preparation for it.
—John H. Finley, Ex-President College of the City of New York; now an editor of the New York Times.
—The Open Forum.

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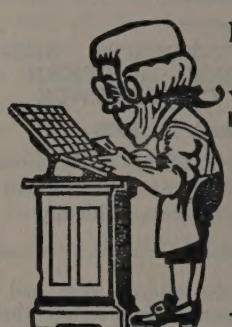

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